

DREAMERS

Dreamers are those kind of

strange creatures

who produce a smile

that doesn't resemble anything else

you'd ever seen in your life

that live standing on a foot

while outside winds of madness blow wild

that don't take for granted

those facts which you'd state

as obvious

they are made of sand

that flows out of one hand

they are made of words

that make little sense to you

They don't cry

not in front of your eyes

and they look strong

but they are made of fragile feathers

like wings of butterflies

as gracious

as fire delicately trembling

over the blast of a cold night

like the lips of color

that sunset throws on a lake



We don't stand a chance
yet we keep on glazing stories
upon the skin
of the eternal trick of time

They are made of bubbles

exploding in the dark sky

entangled embraced disappointed

and never finished

The moment you notice them
they've changed your life
already

sweetness of ghosts passing by

memories of what we hold dear

sensitivity running like electricity

inside our veins

Down the dusty road
you get lost among blinking lies

the moment you ask yourself
where you've stopped looking

they've passed beside you

already

I am a dreamer...

Have you seen me?

